dispatched it.

DISPLAYING A LET.

around, muttering: "Vare is zat damnable

villain? Vare is he? for I shall take his life."

The man he was looking for was just then

noticed some 50 yards away, coming up from

rapidly toward them, shouting out, "Mr. Adju-

Both of the men halted in surprise, as Myers

still advanced shouting, and motioning with

rest of us took in the situation and began yell-

ing to the Lieutenant, the latter turned and

Myers and stopped further proceedings,

Col. Myers was disarmed and placed in arrest,

the dead snake that brought the trouble about,

"I WILL KILL YOU."

from arrest, and the whole matter blew over

without a court-martial, but I never heard of

the Lieutenant playing snake jokes on anyone

after that, and whenever we went into a camp,

or the column was halted for a noon rest, the

Negroes Loxing Value.

[New York Weekly.]

average wealth now is \$300 apiece?

country most needs!"

substance in it.

moth-holes.

Shorter sessions of Congress!

was th' matter wid y'r eye, Patsy?

Northerner-If the negroes do not prosper in

Southerner-Three hundred dollahs! What's

that? Why, befolt the wah they couldn't

Got an Answer.

[New York Weekly.]

Congressman (at home, among his constitu-

you to tell me what, in your opinion, this

The Crowd (with astonishing unanimity)-

Need of Caution.

[New York Weekly.]

Mrs. McInty-An' phat did th' docther soy

Small Son-He say-ed thur was some foreign

Mrs. McInty (with an "I-told-you-so" air-1

Now maybe ye'll kape away from thim Oytal-

Good as a Coat-of-Arms.

Irate Customer-See here! That suit of

clothes I bought of you yesterday is full of

Dealer - Das is all recht, mine frient.

Moths neffer eat cotion, an' ven ladies an'

shentlemens see dose holes dey knows you

She Stuck to Her Gum.

[Drake's Magazine,]

"George, darling," she murmured, as they

"Certainly, pet," answered the young man,

"No, not exactly. You see I knew that it

was coming last night, and that you would

want to kiss me, and so I took my gum out of

my mouth and stuck-it on the bench. If it is

Ironical.

[American Grocer.]

Young Johson (of Johson & Co.)-Oh, yes,

up a nice motto to go over the counter. What

recollections that cling about the snot?"

strolled in the garden, "let us stop at that rus-

vears only high-priced all vool goots.

tic seat yonder for a moment."

do you think he wrote?

Chorus-Give it up-what?

"'Honest Tea is the best policy.""

New York Weekly.

snake holes.

seoundrel, for I vill kill him."

lame horse.

she would like to have come to her? But urged it with a like result, and then chancing to find the dying man alone one day he said: "Is there nothing I can do for you, Dupont? Is there not some commission her. I leave her in your charge."

The next day was the Sabbath, and an hour before the sun set the flag at half-mast told the serrowful story that Capt. Dupont was no more.

When that saddest of all sad ceremoniesa soldier's funeral-was over, Col. Carver | waters. She found Katherine and Guy asleep took the young widow to his own home. Here she was treated with the tenderest | door she shook her head sagaciously, saying: consideration, but now that all necessity for exertion was gone she sank into a melancholy from which nothing could rouse her. Every reminder of her dead husband brought slender frame to pieces.

THE SIGHT OF HIS COMPANY, the sound of the bugle, every one of the necessary accompaniments of garrison life, spoke only of him, and at last the Surgeon, fearing for her reason, advised that she be sent far away from every reminder of the past. Nothing was known of her history save that she came from the North, and, as she received few letters, was supposed to be alone in the world. Gently the Doctor led her to speak of her past life, and by adroit questioning learned

that her nearest relative was in Buffalo. To this lady he wrote a statement of the case, and the necessity that Mrs. Dupont should have change of scene. In due time a prim little missive came in answer, signed "Patience Sinclair," offering her niece a home, and urging that she come at once.

The Doctor was well pleased with the success of his plan, and with characteristic energy set about removing the other difficulties in the way. Thus it happened that before the broken-hearted widow realized the state of the case, she was under a careful escort on her way As was anticipated, the change proved most

beneficial; and when, a few months later, her little son was born, she took him as a legacy from the bushand whose form she had seen laid beneath the cedars, and lived her life again in his. And so the months sped into years. The little Guy, who at the first had not seemed strong, and needed much care, had developed into a sturdy youngster quite able to fight his own battles. To an outsider his mother seemed his abject slave, humoring his every whim and dancing attendance upon him night and day; but to a closer observer, his devotion to her was equally remarkable, and while willful and headstrong to others, from her the slightest word was law. Col. Carver had not forgotten his promise to

look after the young widow, and on one occasion had invited her to bring the child and make his family a visit; but she shrank from seeing again the places which recalled the happiest and the saddest days of her life, and the invitation was not repeated. Among her choicest treasures she kept the

never bring herself to look at them, and now it seemed as if her brief army experience was months a wife and now her youth all gone-nothing to live for but Guy!" This was her constant cry to herself, and she believed it all.

Like all American cities, Buffalo has its old and new quarter. The part once so fashionable is practically deserted as a residence portion, and the new houses, which partake of the angles and pointed roofs and towers of the past 10 years, are reaching out farther and farther into the country. But some of the old-time cozy houses still stand in close proximity to the newer shops and business blocks, and are clung to by conservative people who dread change of any kind-who love the shadows of the past and shudder at each encroachment on their

In one of these cottages, half-hidden by vines, and in the midst of an old-fashioned garden whose larksputs and pretty-by-nights and sunflowers stood in stiff rows, and verbenas and portulaca spread in riotous profusion, dwelt Miss Patience Sinclair, spinster. There, too, had dweit generations of Sinclairs before her; from thence both father and mother had been buried, and a numerous family of brothers and sisters departed, some to their long home and some to begin life afresh in other localities, till at last Miss Patience alone was left. As has been said, trade had encroached upon her on all sides; speculators had offered her, from time to time, a gradually-increasing price for her little garden, and considered it a grievance that she stood obstinately in the path of improvement; but she shook her head solemnly, and said : "Not while I live, gentlemen; time enough to pull down my cottage when I need it no longer." Gradually the years grew into a narrow routine of minor duties, and the oldfashioned garden became dearer with each succeeding season. But for all that, her heart sometimes ached for human sympathy, and when she learned that a niece whom she scarcely knew had suddenly been left a widow in the far, far West, and was, as she firmly believed, in hourly danger of being eaten by blood-thirsty savages, it seemed a clear interposition of Providence in her behalf, and she lost no time in offering a home to her sister's child. And thus it happened that

KATHERINE DUPONT was duly installed in her aunt's home, petted least content. When little Guy came to en- the Major?" liven the house with his pretty baby ways the old aunt vied with the young mother in wor- and exclaimed, "Certainly not! Do you supship at his shrine. Never was baby so wonder- | pose I want the matter known throughout the ful in every respect, and if even Mrs. Dupont | regiment?" was tempted beyond the shelter of the little garden it was that the outside world might catch a glimpse of the bright blue eyes and sunny curis which were becoming more and

more her delight. The day had been hot and sultry, and Guy, who was now three or four years of age, had drawn his mother into the garden, and was laughing in glee as he attempted to catch the ball she tossed into his lap. Now it fell short, and he would spring forward to reach it; or again it would go beyond him, and the golden head glanced hither and thither as the chubby hands searched for it among the flowers. In the midst of the play Katherine felt rather than saw that some one was watching them over the fence, and, with a feeling of annoyance, she drew Guy farther back among the vines. But the game was somehow spoiled, and she was not sorry when a few moments later their little maid came with a message that some one wished to see her.

"Who is it, May?" she asked. "I don't know, ma'am; that's all Miss Patience told me." was the reply.

went toward the house, a little surprised, as she approached, to hear a man's voice in conversation with her aunt. When she had fully entered the room her heart stood still, and she grasped a chair for support. The man who rose to meet her was dressed in the uniform she remembered so well, and now saw for the first time in all these years. In person he was

TALL, ERECT AND GRACEFUL, and yet with the indescribable deference that | what. One thing, however, remained-the betokens one accustomed to be governed rather | Colonel's letter was to be given into her own than to govern. At a glance she took in every | hands, and he would obey orders, if he died detail. The past came over her like a flood, for it. and, burying her face in her hands, she hur- The next day and the next passed away, dier and everything about him. Over and over he repeated the intelligent child's question, "What is this for?" "And this?" show it to mamma.

conduct. She knew no more than the average ginning, never ending, had been so monoto-Eastern woman of the distinctions of rank in | nous, that this small digression assumed undue the Army, was charmed with her visitor, and | importance, saw no reason why the chevrons on his sleeve | With the evening a gentle tinkle at the door were not fully as elegant as the shoulder-straps announced the longed-for, dreaded visitor, and on dear Capt. Dupont's cost, which Katherine | now Katherine shrank from meeting him. In guarded so care; affy. She did her best to atone vain she scourged herself-the blood would for Katherine's rudeness, was affable and pleas- rush in torrents to her heart, and those weary, ast in her old-fashioned way, and urged her | tearful weeks that marked her later life at guest to call again. The Sergeant was de- Wyndette came up as a gloomy picture before lighted with the old lady, but felt that he her. What could it matter what this passing understood the situation far better than she, stranger had to say? Nothing, surely, and yet and did not prolong his visit after little Guy's as she forced herself to enter the room the little departure. He only begged that she would tell fingers laced and unlaced, and the trembling Mrs. Dupont that he had a message for her about the sensitive mouth showed a repressed from Col. Carver, which he begged the privilege excitement almost more than she could bear.

of calling again to deliver.

Katherine wept herself into a headache. Since she said no; the ladies of the regiment were | the birth of her boy her life had been so quiet very kind-it was enough. The Colonel and uneventful, she had almost ceased to recall the short and beautiful past. She thought she was reconciled-that she asked nothing more than to live for her child, and now a sight of the uniform that had once been so dear had brought it all back, and-she could not bear it. you would like to give me?" At the instant | Why, oh why had God so dealt with her? Why his wife returned to the room and he whis- had he taken away the one she loved? Why pered; "Nothing, Colonel; only take care of | had not her son a father's care as well as other boys? It was so hard, so hard! And she fell into a state of self-pity, that subsided into sobbing, and at last into a sleep of exhaustion. Miss Patience was too indignant to come to her niece at once, but when she failed to appear at luncheon, the old lady's heart smote her, and she ambled away to pour oil on the troubled in each others arms, and gently closing the "The day will be brighter for a little shower."

III. Adolphe Roemer was every inch a soldier. Habits of discipline were strong upon him. on a fit of weeping that seemed to tear the From boyhood he had received the careful military training Germany enforces upon all her sons, and yet when on the border-land between youth and manhood, scarce knowing what he wanted, he had fled to America to avoid a soldier's life. With the self-reliance of the young, he had confidently expected to make his way in some grand fashion-as an architect, an engineer, a draughtsman, or, last of all, that unfailing dependence of the impecunious foreigner, a teacher of languages; surely, the world was all before him where to choose. But sickness and misfertune overtook him; he did not know the ways of his adopted country, and, in the end, poverty, like a mocking flend, stared him in the face. Just at this juncture accident (or Providence) threw him in the way of the recruiting officer, and in sheer desperation he enrolled for five years as a common soldier, thankful that there was one profession he knew well enough to make it available. With a squad of raw recruits he was sent to the West, and assigned to the -th Inf., where he soon learned that soldering in America was a far different experience from the same life in the Fatherland. Still, he was not unhappy, gave strict attention to his duties, and spent his leisure in acquiring the language, not in the slip-shod manner that would pass muster in the ranks, but as a scholar wishes to know it. Before the first year was out his accent was only distinguished from that of his messmates by greater precision, and "Dutchy," as he had been nicknamed, became a favorite not only with his fellows but with the officers as well. As vacancies occurred he was promoted from one non-commissioned office to another till the

company Maj. Lyall to Buffalo on recruiting The night before his departure he was informed the Colonel wished to see him, and quickly walking across the parade he made his salute and stood, cap in hand, awaiting the sword and shoulder-straps of her dead husband, orders of the commanding officer. The Colonel of the sunny slope as the column rode up and division. At this time Gregory had a number —he came down to the inshore end of the wharf saluted in return, and then said, with some emgradually fading from her life. "Four short | give the reasons why it was thought best on this occasion to detail a man from the regiment to accompany Maj. Lyall to Buffalo, but I wish it understood that you were chosen because I have heard of you as always faithful to duty,

discipline of the troop largely fell upon his

shoulders. And so the years passed away.

Many changes had come to the regiment. New

men had come and old ones gone, officers had

died and others had been promoted, and still

Serg't Roemer was at his post. He never asked,

scarce thought of, any variety in his life, nor

gave any consideration beyond that of obedi-

ence to an order suddenly detailing him to ac-

and I will not send a man who I fear WILL DISGRACE THE REGIMENT. expect you to be fully as reliable when beyoud military restraint as when at your post. But I have still another reason for selecting you. In the city to which you are going resides a lady in whom I take great interest. She was the wife of Capt. Dapont, of your own company, who was killed in a miserable Indian raid; let me see, perhaps it was before your time-but no matter. After a sort, she is, or should be, the care of the regiment, but her husband in dying left her specially in my charge, and I have never seen her since. Now, I feel anxious, and want to know something about her. I understand she has a child, and it may be she is in want-the Captain left next

use your eyes, and send me a report." To say that Serg't Roemer was astonished at receiving such a commission but faintly expressed his feelings. After a little hesitation he said : "Excuse me, sir; but would not Maj. Lyall be more likely to know of this?"

to nothing. What I desire is that you shall

The Colonel turned on him fiercely, and exclaimed, "-- it, sir! did I ask you for any advice? Don't you suppose I know my own business? Maj. Lyall has just come among us; what interest does he take in an old matter at his mercy!"

But Roemer was not quite silenced yet, and he began again, "But, sir, the lady-

The Colonel interrupted him with an oath, and added angrily, "There is no need of your going on this detail if you do not wish to! Didn't I tell you that Capt. Dupont commanded your company? Is there a widow living would not be proud to see again the old uniform? But I have thought that you might prepared this letter, which you will deliver surroundings. Do you understand what I want done, or are you too stupid to attend to so small a matter?"

and scolded by tupes, and, if not happy, at | wish done. Am I not to mention the matter to | chief at it until the fangs fastened in its meshes, The Colonel stamped his foot with impatience

The Sergeant colored at this speech, but said,

ROEMER ROSE UP.

I will do my best," The Colonel cooled down a little, and said ; That is all I ask of any man. Write to me when you have anything to communicate; and remember, the reputation of the -th Inf. must be maintained."

Serg't Roemer buttoned Col. Carver's letter into his jacket and went away a good deal puzzled. He knew little of ladies,-American ladies especially,-and the commission was not to his taste; however, the result was none of his business, and he had only to obey orders. whatever came of it.

His first call on Mrs. Dupont had not resulted at all according to his preconceived ideas. As the widow of an officer, he had expected her to be tall and dignified and noble,-the sort of woman to whom one involuntarily bows,-with trailing draperies, and perhaps a bunch of keys at her side, after the fashion of an Old-World chatelaine. Instead, he found a little creature, scarcely more than a girl in appearance, all Taking her little boy by the hand, Katherine into the shelter of her black gown; the sort of woman who must cling to someone, and whose pathetic brown eyes could melt into tears at the first note of harshness; the sort of woman, in short, whom men alternately pet and worship in prosperity, but who in adversity are capable of heroic self-denial for those they love. Not that Roemer put these details into words, but he felt that she was one to be pitied and protected, and blamed himself for he knew not

ried from the room. But little Guy had no sad | and Katherine, who had at first so dreaded the memories, and was charmed with the tall sol- | coming visit, began to long for it. Years had passed since she had heard one word from Fort Wyndette; there were a thousand things she would like to know about it. And, then, what "And this?" and when at last his new acquaint- message could Col. Carver have sent her? It ance ripped one of the pretty buttons from his | was strange this tall soldier did not come again. cont, and, running a piece of string through it, What business could be have here? And so she tied it around his neck, he ran with delight to questioned herself, and grew anxious and nervous. Poor child! her life had been so abso-Miss Patience was scandalized by her niece's lutely uneventful; the daily treadmill, ever be-

Searing a Shoolma'am and a Cavalry

BY FRANK YOUNG COMMAGERE.

Captain.



COULD never understand the fondness some men have for reptiles, for I hate a snake worse than I fear to go to my long rest, yet I have known people that saw grace and beauty in that species of animal life. Dr. Yarrow, of the

Army, who is known to all the scientific world for his study as a naturalist, is never so happy as when he is handling a dead serpent, and counting the rows of scales with a pair of dividers, to determine the exact genus. A boy I knew once in my own boyhood days

in the West was ever a holy terror to the rest of us, for fear that a lance-like head with beady eyes and forky tongue should suddenly protrude from one of his pockets. It might be only a harmless little gartersnake, but the effect was the same, and we were not prone to seek that Driscoll boy's close companionship. The young rascal had a habit of sneaking close to a party of our girl schoolmates, producing one of his pets, and shouting with extravagant laughter when they ran with fright. Fortunately for himself, he was able to thrash most of his schoolmates, so that he had his wicked fun in safety; but I must confess that I felt no great sorrow when I heard in the later years of my scafaring life that he had died in the Ohio Penitentiary, where he had been sentenced for some misdeed.



SCARING THE GIRLS. We had a lady teacher once at the old redlapboarded log schoolhouse that was a terror in her own way to her lesson-hating flock for | by a dozen or more full-grown "rattlers" being her able-bodied methods of using a flat hickory | killed within the next hour. ruler on palm or fingertips-or elsewhere; but | The rattlesnakes had evidently been sleeping she was not only afraid to go near where he dismounted, and had crawled away to their of recruits in his brigade who had enlisted (for with a cigar in his mouth. The sentry said: barrassment: "It is unnecessary, Sergeant, to sat on the long bench, but she got so that she holes for refuge. The one that made the trouble, wouldn't let him go within six feet of her desk, | evidently thought the danger had passed, and for fear that she would either see a snake peeping | started to crawl out of his hole, which was from his pockets or that he would slyly drop | found to be just under where Col. Myers one among the papers before her to let her dis- had been leaning, and so the rest followed. cover "all to one't." Bless my soul, how that | When all this became known, Myers apologized woman would yell at such times; you could to the Lieutenant, and was afterward released hear her a mile each way up and down the river. When the young villain was successful in getting her thoroughly snake-scared, we reaped a benefit therefrom, for she would be so agitated that after dosing several of us with her awful ruler-I say "us" advisedly-she would be forced to dismiss school for the day. But she never forgot to take her scare out of a few of us first with the rule.

One of the terrors of my service on the great plains west of the Missouri was the extensive and widely-assorted collection of Ophidians, and the sound of a "rattle" would make me vacate any neighborhood, when I heard it, with great promptness. In this respect, I was very much like many of my brother officers; but there was one in the regiment to whom the sight of a snake was a fascination, and he was also exceedingly fond of other reptiles; especially of the many-hued little lizards that darted about exerywhere like so many flashes of brilliant

To this officer (who was afterward killed with Gen. Custer in the massacre of the Little Big Horn) a rattlesnake was not a crotalus horridus, but rather a charming specimen of animal life, to be captured and made a plaything of, and it was seldom, while scouting in the seld, when he did not have one, or even like this? And then under his breath he more, about his clothing. His horrid fancy muttered, "I should be a pretty fool to put her | did not go so far as to risk the dreadful venom of the wicked-looking fangs, for he used deftly to remove those before pocketing the serpent.

While riding along, if he heard a "rattle," he would dismount at once, and when he had found the snake his amusement began. He would tease the rattler by making it strike in anger at the point of his saber, and prevent it from crawling away to its hole. When he had tired of the sport of making the reptile keep itself in coil for defense, he would let it alone need an excuse for meeting her, and I have a bit until the tortured and frightened thing have been bought foh \$600 apiece. No, sah. would begin to slip away in flight, and then, into her own hands, and make me a report of her with a quick turn, would place the flat of the saber-point across the neck, pinning it fast. As the snake coiled around the blade, the Lieutenant would slip back the point so that the captive had three or four inches play of its head, respectfully, "I think I understand what you and then he would snap a bright silk handkerwhen a quick jerk would tear away the venomous weapons, and the snake was harmless.

His next proceeding was to roll the poor disarmed snake up in his handkerchief and stow it away in a pocket, or even inside the folds of his flannel campaign shirt, and save it to have and, taking the letter, said: "Very well, sir; more fun with. One of his ideas of fun was like



HAVING SOME FUN WITH A SNAKE. that of which I have written about the boy Driscoll, and it is a singular coincidence, of which I did not think when I began to write, that the two were born not more than a dozen miles apart, on opposite sides of the same river. The Lieutenant loved dearly to get into a group of half a dozen or more officers sitting or | dear." lounging on the springy buffalo grass, and after awhile slily shake his captive out of the handkerchief to see the group separate suddenly. It was the funniest thing in the whole world to him, but he finally got a little scare himself one day, that stopped the further performance

of that prank, and it happened this way : One of the Captains of the regiment was a tall, hot-tempered Franco-German, who had a mortal dread of all snakes, and of rattlesnakes in particular, and he had once or twice been in parties that had been half scared to death at the funny Lieutenant's realistic snake joke, On the last occasion of the kind, when the scare was over, he strode straight up to the culprit, and shaking his long finger close in his face said, in a voice that fairly trembled with

"Sare! I beg to assure you, sare, zat upon a repetition off dese offense, vich is schoundrelly, sare, I vill kill you. I beg, sare, zat you vill not make ze mistake of thinking I mean not what I say. I vill do it, -----

As the Colonel (he had won brevets during the war) was a man who was known to be apt to keep his word, the culprit and all the rest believed him, but it was more the manner in which the speech was made that conveyed an system up. I have taken four bottles and am on the impression of danger.

The Lieutenant didn't seem to pay near as much attention to snakes for a few days after that; but about a week later, while the column was halted for a few hours, in the middle of an awful hot day, close by a little stream, a cribbage party was made up, the players stretching | Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only do not know now the names of all the players, but Col. Myers (the Franco-German) and Col.

Benteen were partners, and half a dozen others | STORY OF A CANNONEER. Suddenly Benteen rolled right over back-(Continued from 1st page.)

ward, yelling out something as he did so. Myers glanced down, and there was half a foot always safe, his judgment always sound, and of a huge rattlesnake just in the act of crawl- his perception always acute and accurate. ing over his arm, which was along the ground | Whether as a Lieutenant communing Battery D as he lay on his elbow. Of course the events I at the first Bull Run or as Major-General comtell of happened much more suddenly than one | manding the Fifth Corps in the Appenattox can write them, but the party separated at campaign, he was always the same cool, careful, discreet and successful officer. He grew once, and when Myers, in some wonderful manner that no one could explain afterward, | right up with his increased responsibilites, and he would have displayed the same solid, sterlsprang clear of his danger, the snake was flung among the cards on the poncho, where it coiled | ing traits had fortune called him to the comup and threatened battle, before a saber cut | mand of the army. I think that his name will yet find its proper place in our military history. Meantime, Myers, blazing purple with rage, The brigade commanders of Griffin's Division drew both of his heavy revolvers, and glared at this time were Joseph J. Bartlett, of New

York; Edgar M. Gregory, of Pennsylvania, and Chamberlain, of Maine. Bartlett was the senior Brigadier-General, though his brigade was numbered the Third Brigade of the division. Chamberlain was a professor in Bowdoin College, who had come out as Colonel of the 20th Me., and had been promoted for gallantry at Gettysburg and elsewhere. Gregory had been a Philadelphia preacher, and had made his debut in the army as Colonel of the 91st Pa., a most gallant regiment, and one that made a record second to no other. These three men were a curious study to me, as I used to see them from day to day in the discharge of my messenger or Orderly duties. Bartlett was the beau-ideal of a soldier. On horseback, in full uniform, I do not hesitate to say that he was the most perfect picture of the ideal soldier that I ever saw. Dealing with officers he was sometimes pretty tart, and occasionally a bit emphatic, but always kind, gentle and comrade-like toward the enlisted men. It was a pleasure to a mounted Orderly to be sent with the creek with the Adjutant, and Myers walked | a message to Gen. Bartlett. He would look at his watch, ask what time we left the division tant, Mr. Adjutant, stand aside from that or corps commander with the message, and then say: Report that you delivered this to me at such and such an hour and minute, whatever it might be, which we would always note carefully in our little Orderly books.

his revolvers to the Adjutant, and then, as the Chamberlain was a cold, unloveable man, very brave and all that, but not dashing either began running toward the herd of horses, just in appearance or manner. He always remindluck none of the bullets struck the fugitive, for | college. Still, he was a gallant officer, and had by the time half a dozen shots had been fired, while leading his troops in the most deadly some of the others reached the infuriated assaults.

Gregory was a solemn, serious man, but he and the Lieutenant came back to the excited we all liked him. He was a fighter in battle, but in camp be used to have prayer meetings groups on the hillside in utter astonishment at the whole affair. He was dismayed when told | and all that sort of thing, and I am afraid that of the occurrence at the game, and when shown | the wicked boys about division headquarters used to make ribald, and sometimes blasphemous, comments on "Parson Gregory," whom, protested enruestly that he had not had a snake in his pocket since the day Col. Myers gave | despite his kindness to us, we used to call with him the warning, and further, that he had not | great irreverence the "Bible-banging Brigabeen near that end of the camp, but down at | dier!" I am afraid that among the unregenerate

the creek with the Adjutant looking after a boys about Griffin's headquarters, the dashing, handsome and wicked Bartlett was much more When the dead snake was examined, it was found in full possession of its fangs, and further ardently admired than the scholarly Chamberlian or the pious Gregory! And I also fear examination showed that the sloping ground that candor compels me to add that there was where we had halted was liberally provided with inhabited snake holes, as was found out not much religion in the moral atmosphere of Griffin's headquarters in front of Petersburg. When Griffin went away on leave about

Christmas, 1864, Bartlett took command of the | sonally witness, but have no doubt of its truth large bounties) out of some theological seminary in western New York. I think they were in the 189th N. Y., a new regiment. They had a large hospital tent fitted up as a meeting-house, and used to hold prayer meet- thing else. I will not repeat the offense." ings there. Bartlett thought they ought to have more brigade drill, even at the expense of less psalm-singing. So he took Gregory to task about it one day. Not long after Gregory wanted Bartlett to approve details of a lot of men from his brigade as division-train teamsters. Upon investigation Bartlett discovered that these men were the theological-student | Probably he considered them the "tools of his recruits before mentioned, whereupon he re- | trade." fused to approve their details, saying that as these men were all ready for Heaven they should be put to the front; and if any men were to be detailed as teamsters they should be the tough, wicked old fighting veterans who were sure to go to hell if they got killed!

I do not know how Gen. Gregory took this rebuff, but I do know that so long as Bartlett commanded the division all the details for duty in the rear were made from among the "wicked old veterans," and that the pious recruits had to remain at the front.

Notwithstanding his apparently calm nature, Griffin's likes and dislikes were very strong, and I became pretty familiar with his feelings in those premises from being with him so constantly. It is not necessary to state whom he disliked. But the men he liked were Hancock, Gibbon, Ayres, Bartlett and particularly his wife's brother, Gen. Sprigg Carroll, of the Second Corps. He was fond of Getty, Wheaton, and Davy Russell, of the Sixth Corps, and also of Gen. Orlando Willcox, of the Ninth Corps, He had also a profound admiration for Gen. ground was pretty thoroughly looked over for | Henry Heth, of Lee's army, who had been his 'chum" at West Point, and he used to say that it gave him more satisfaction to drive Heth's Division than any other command in the Confederate army. I am sorry to say that he did not always have the satisfaction of "driving freedom, how do you explain the fact that their | Heth." But a truce to personal anecdotes of Gen. Griffin, I could make a book of them.

It only remains to be said that as Bartlett's Brigade was always the "strong right arm" of Griffin's Division, so was that division the great effective fighting power of the Fifth Corps, particularly after Wadsworth's Division, of the old First Corps, began to melt away. The other divisions of the corps were changed, consolients)-Gentlemen and fellow citizens! I want | dated and reorganized from time to time; but Griffin's maintained substantially the same orgenization from first to last, and was the "same old outfit" when Bartlett deployed it to support the cavalry in the morning of Appomattox that it had been when Griffin led it into

the Wilderness the May before. About Christmas time, as Gen. Griffia was going away on leave of absence, he gave me a detail as clerk at the ammunition wharf at City Point. I relieved a man whose time was out. My duty was to tally the issues of the ammunition and keep files of the requisitions, which were sent in to Ordnance headquarters at the end of each month. Sometimes I had to bear a hand at unloading the barges, or handling cases, which was hard work but healthful exercise. Occasionally a report would come back from the front that fuses were bad, shells 'plugged," etc., and then I would have to inspect fuses, which was by no means the safest business in the world. But we had elegant quarters in a comfortable frame shanty, the best of rations-fresh beef and soft bread every day, our mess was small, we had a good cook, there was no guard or camp duty-in short, a veteran's paradise!

I had not been here long when I got a magnificent "Christmas box" from home, filled with boned turkey, mince pies, and some boiled 'spiced hams," with other knick-knacks. Gen. Grant's headquarters were right on the hill above the wharf, and I got well acquainted "That is the place where I proposed to you with Col. Babcock, of his staff, who used to last night. Do you want to stop for the fond come to the ammunition wharf every day or two. In fact he had charge of it. Babcock was a splendid young officer, and when he had seen enough of me to learn that I was well educated and had also seen a good deal of fighting, we got as well acquainted as officers and there yet, I want to get it. That is all, George, enlisted men ever do. He happened to be there when this box came. I asked him to present one of the spiced hams to Gen. Grant, with my compliments. And the next day

I GOT A NOTE FROM OLD GRANT, Brown is not a bad fellow; but he's terribly sar- | in his own hand, thanking me. I very much castic. The other day I asked him to fix me | regret that I lost this note at Gravelly Run the next March, together with all of the letters father, mother and the girls had written me and my journal, that I would give \$1,000 for now, where my valise was torn off the saddle

That Tired Feeling

now. The winter has been mild and unhealthful, in- weakened state of health derive from Hood's Sarsapabrenza epidemic and fevers have visited nearly all our | rilla conclusively proves the claim that this medicine homes, leaving about excrybedy in a weak, tired-out, "makes the weak strong," It does not act like a stimulanguid condition. The usefulness of Hood's Sarsaparilla | lant, imparting fictitious strength from which there is thus made greater than ever, for it is absolutely un- ! must follow a reaction of greater weakness than before, equalled as a building-up, strengthening medicine. If but possessing just those elements which the system you have never taken Hood's Sarsaparilla try it and you | needs and readily seizes. Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up in a perfectly natural way, all the weakened parts, acts will realize its recuperative powers. "My health was very poor last spring and seeing an | upon the blood as a purifier and vitalizer, and assists to advertisement of Hood's Sarsaparilla I thought I would | healthy action those important organs, the kidneys and try it. It has worked wonders for me as it has built my liver.

"My wife suffered from sick headache and neuralgia, After taking Hood's Sarsaparilla she was much re-

fifth. I recommend it to my acquaintances." W. R. BARR, Wilmington, Ohio. JOHN MATTHEWS, Oswego, N. Y. Heved." Hood's Sarsaparilla

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when my horse ran away while in action there, as will appear later. Another ham I carried down to Mitchell the next day, getting a pass on the "war railroad" for that purpose. And while going down on the 'train," which was full of recruits going to the front (a tough lot of bounty-jumpers), I came near having to defend that ham with my revolver. But I got it safe through, and Mitchell lived on it for several days, and then hung the bone up on his tent-pole for luck. Old Grant used to stroll down to this ammu-

nition wharf frequently, especially just before dark. He would walk along with his hands behind his back and his eyes bent on the ground, apparently taking no notice of any of us, though he was always very precise in returning our salutes. The General gave a good deal of his personal attention to matters at this wharf. Sometime previous to as Myers began firing rapidly. By sheer good | ed me of a professor of mathematics we had in | this-while I was detached in the Valley-the rebels had floated some barrel torpedoes down the Colonel was an excellent marksman, and | more than once been desperately wounded | the river, with clock-work fuses, and one of them had exploded under one of the barges, blowing them all up-a good many tons of powder, loaded shells, case-shot, etc. After that always spoke to us in kind, gentle tones, and | they had made a net above the barges, extending out into the stream far enough to keep the torpedoes out of the eddy which swung in there when the tide was flooding. This explosion had wrecked Gen. Grant's headquarters. One night when he came down there I happened to be out on the end of the wharf fishing. I was sitting on one of the sills, and the first I knew Old Grant was right behind me.

He said: "Do you catch any fish here?" "Yes, sir; sometimes." "I think I will come down here and try my

luck if I can get time some day. I like to And with that the old commander walked slowly away. But apparently he never found time to come and "try his luck" fishing with me off the end of the ammunition wharf. On another occasion-which I did not per-

General Grant, it is contrary to your orders to smoke on this wharf, sir." "Of course it is," replied the General. I beg your pardon, sentry; I was thinking of some-

So he threw away his cigar and walked out as usual to the outer end and looked at the barges. It was said that he gave the sentry a handful of cigars, and told him to smoke them when he was off post. The Commander-in-Chief seemed to take

great interest in those ammunition-barges. [To be continued.]

> Dress in Canvas, Too. [American Grocer.]

"Yes," sighed Alfred de Countrejumpre, as he paid his intended's bonbon bill, "I'll admit Mamie comes from Chicago, but she's no ham.' "No ham," observed his friend; "why, you wouldn't like her to be a ham, would you?" "Wouldn't I?" cried Alfred, feelingly; " you forget, old boy, that hams are sugar-cured!'

A Slight Misunderstanding.

American Grocer. "Have you any family jars," the customer asked the proprietor's wife, who was selling her some pickles. "No," she reponded sarcastically, "while I admire your nerve, I am glad to inform you that Mr. Short and myself have had no domes-

tic disturbances so far." Before They Quarreled. [American Gracer,] "Why, darling, what can be the matter with

these onions!" he ejaculated as he pushed back The young wife burst into tears. "There, I told the grocer they smelt awful! And I soaked them in that nice cologne you

bought me since yesterday morning, too!" Importinence Rebuked. [American Grocer.]

Waiter-Champagne? Yes, sir; right off, sir-dry, sir? Hiram Hayseed (with his best girl)-Never von mind whether we're dry or not. Just get that champaigny, and don't ask no foolish

A Weather Prophet.

questions!

|New York Weekly. | Scientist-So you have followed the sea all your life! I presume you are a thorough meteorological prognosticator by this time?

Jack Tarre-A which? "A-I mean you can easily foretell a gale, can't you?" "Easy 'nough, sir. When you see the Captain dancin' around an' yellin' out 40 orders at onct, you kin jest make up y'r mind thet it's goin ter blow.

> A Depraved Palate. [American Grocer.]

A Judge up in Utica who prides himself on his thorough knowledge of the grocery trade, had up before him recently the case of a poor devil charged with stealing a firkin of butter. The Judge was disposed to be lenient with the fellow until the latter declared that he had sampled all the stock in the establishment before stealing this particular firkin. "H'm; let me see the butter!" said his Honor,

forthwith applying some to his lips. The whole court room watched the proceedings with intense interest, and saw the Judge make a wry face as he fairly shouted: "Twelve months!" "Twelve menths," said the prisoner's counsel,

what for?" "Total depravity, sir! I ought to have made it 10 years at hard labor!"



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